

A
CONTINUATION
OF THE
HISTORY
OF THE
Crown-Inn :

With CHARACTERS of some of the late
SERVANTS;
And the PROCEEDING of the
TRUSTEES
To the Coming of the
New LANDLORD.

Part II.

The Second Edition.



L O N D O N :
Printed for J. MOOR, and Sold by the Book-
sellers of London and Westminster.
Price 3 d.

COMPTON

THE

Y. O. S. H.



Subscription fund

CLINTON

NEW YORK

SERVANTS

And the President of the

TRUSTEES

To the Board of the

New York

Part II

The Second Edition

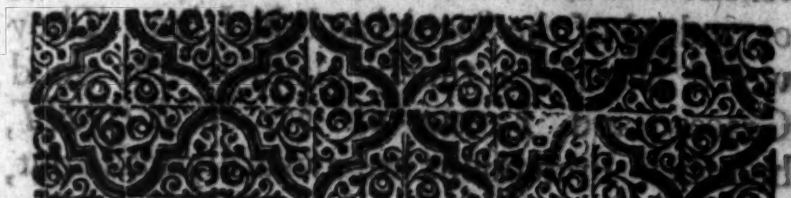


1871

LONDON

Printed for J. Moore and sold by the Book
Sellers of London and Westminster.

Price 3s



A

CONTINUATION OF THE HISTORY, &c.

SO many things of consequence offer at this time, that I find I shall swell my Design to a much greater length than I imagined: Instead of Writing once a Week, I shall never be able to retain so many memorable Particulars, or get thro' my Promise, without adjusting the Substance every Post.

You would split your Sides at the late Set of Servants, and their Favourers, in this Town, were you to see how they behave themselves in their present Circumstances &

What

What a mixture they discover in their Countenances of the Sullen and the Impertinent ; or indeed of the Spaniel and the Lion. They would fain lay a timely claim to the good Graces and Favour of Mr. *WRIGHT*, but their Pretensions are awkwardly made out, and built on such fenceless Foundations, that 'tis queer enough to hear them explain 'em.

Harry Aucumy, who is at leizure now to carry on all the Intrigues that lay upon his Hands, has had a very great Levee of Condolants since his late Misfortune, for say they, *Harry* appeared a Man of Spirit, and was always firm to his Purpose. *Harry* was resolute and constant in the Measures he pursued, and would have pushed Things with another manner of Spirit than that unaccountable Fellow *Slyboots* shew'd, who had been asleep for three Years, and always kept his Friends as well as his Enemies in doubt what he designed. *Harry* was the Life of the Cause, the Joy of the Party, and the Toast of the *CLUB*. From *Harry* we expected something very great and surprizing ; he had a Spirit and Impudence really fitted for it. Our hopes in him daily increased ; we saw him, on *Robin's* Downfal, which was owing to his dextrous Conduct, placed in a Sphere, whereby his excellent Talents would have come to shine in their full Lustre ; nay, he had manag'd it so admirably, that he sent the Trickster *Robin* off the Stage with

with the utmost Disgrace, which for Reasons well known to us, would have proved of Service to future Purposes.

But I must not stay to finish the *Encomium* these Visitants of *Harry's* bestow'd on him, without letting you know, that they were such Friends of young *Shute's*, as began to place the greatest Confidence in him, from the several Steps which they plainly saw he had taken in his Favour. The rest were such as *Harry* had really let into the Secret; and among whom there ran a mutual and entire Chain of Confidence, in which they wou'd all rather have Hang'd together, than to have broke their Faith with one another.

Must it not therefore be the most sensible Mortification to Men elated with such Hopes, and inspired by a *Genius* so very promising as *Harry's* to promote their Views, to see him at two Steps fall headlong from such an Eminence of Power and Authority, and lye the bleeding Sacrifice of a *Ruined-Party* at the Feet of his Enemies, despis'd, threaten'd and level'd to their Resentments by the Act of the new *LAND LORD*, who singled him out, like a Deer for the Chace, to be the common Sport of all the honest Servants and Tenants; nay, even to his Antagonist *Robin*? What can shew a Man more despis'd than the Mes-
fage

sage delivered him by the **TRUSTEES** for his Dismission.

Mr. Aucumy,

Your Proceedings having rendered your Conduct suspected, we are Order'd by our new **LANDLORD** Mr. **WRIGHT** to tell you, that he has no farther Service for you; with Directions likewise to take from you your Books of Accounts, and Seal up the **COUNTING-HOUSE**.

You may be sure his Friends bleed inwardly for him; but they have, indeed, the most admirable way of out-facing Things that ever was known. They had before this given out, that he stood on no bad terms with Mr. **WRIGHT**, and chiefly, that on the first Indisposition of the *Widow*, it was he who promoted the Delivery of **BOB's** Conjurings and into the Hands of the Chamberlain; which He could not chuse but acknowledge as a piece of good Service: But this is somewhat like **BOB's INVIOLEABLE ATTACH**.

This they maintain'd with an Assurance peculiar to them, till the time of *Harry's* disgrace, when a fresh Astonishment appeared in them; and for two or three Days there was a general run of Guilty confused Faces among

mong the Party, *Harry* himself stood this shock with a great deal of outward Confidence before his Friends, because he was unwilling to discourage them, but alas we know that nothing but a clear and unspotted Conscience can really support a Man's Spirits under such sudden and capital Afflictions. This required that they should give their Sentiments a new turn, and now *Harry* was consoled by his Friends as a Man purely suffering for his Principles, and one who deserved all the Confidence they had placed in him.

One wou'd think this Indication should have taught them a little Modesty, but they go on at the old rate : They will not stand convinced that they have a less share of the Favour of Mr. WRIGHT than others, tho' it is with the utmost Impudence and Vanity they dare even make Pretences to it. They are the most impatient People at the loss of Power imaginable, and certainly make the worst use of it when they have it of any living, for they are all Heat and Choler : whence it is observable, thro' their precipitate and Post-haste Fury, that they have never been long before they finished their Course.

They have the merriest Way of Interpreting Things that can be : They pretend they are very impatient for the arrival of the New LANDLORD, being uneasy at the

the Management of the TRUSTEES, who have gone a great way toward putting the Affairs of the INN in a better Posture, and to draw a better Trade to the whole Town. They cannot, or rather will not believe, that the Choice of the TRUSTEES has any thing of the true Meaning of Mr. WRIGHT in it; but that it was done upon their own Solicitations and Intelligence; and that they doubt not, *but they shall soon convince him when they come to talk with him.*

Wou'd it not anger one that these Fellows should have the Impudence to form these preposterous Suggestions? (for I will forgive the Folly of it) Do they think he has forgot, or ever will, their turning two or three of his Servants out of the House in a rude Sort of Manner, though they paid honestly for what they called for, only because they gave their Master Notice of their Intrigues? Was any thing more grossly Impudent than Harry's Conduct in this Matter? Or his inspiring the CLUB to do all they could to hinder Young Mr. WRIGHT from coming among them? They are mistaken if they think him a Person so short-sighted as to be deceived in distinguishing his Friends from his Foes: And if those who have always appeared in his Interest, and on all Occasions justified their Love to him, are not to be

be intitled to his Favour; nay, if his own Sence of this, in chusing such for TRUSTEES, is not sufficient to prove it, I leave them to be corrected by their own Folly.

Every Reed serves a drowning Man to catch at; you wou'd smile, did you but know the mighty Splutter they make, that their Consort, *Tom Scatterwit*, has shook Hands with Mr. WRIGHT. Now you must know there is no more in it than this. *Tom* was Agent for the Widow at *NICK FROG's*, especially on the Composition: *Tom*, like the rest of his Fraternity, was a very active furious Fellow, and when Reason wou'd not do, he used to cock his Hat, and tread upon *NICK's* Toes. *NICK* made damn'd sour Faces, but was not able to cope with the young Bully. *Nick*, in his Time had been a very sturdy Fellow, but he was then cursedly pinched with Gout, and could hardly stir out of his Elbow-Chair: 'Tis true, he kicked and winced a little, but *Tom* always turned him by main Strength, and in the End work'd him into Temper to consent quietly to the Agreement. *Tom*, on the Widow's Death, lay under dreadful Apprehensions; he was conscious that a very good Understanding wou'd ensue between Mr. WRIGHT and *NICK*; and that if *NICK* should remember the Smart of his Toes, it wou'd prove but a little queer for him.

B

Tom

Tom therefore came to *NICK*, and shewed a great deal of unusual Condescension. Instead of the Bully Cock, he now came Cap in Hand, and entered into an Expostulation somewhat servile. He desir'd *NICK* to forget old Grudges, and to make the best of Matters to Mr. *WRIGHT*. *NICK* looked a little sour on him, as remembering the cursed Gripes he had given him; however, like a Man of Honour, he told him he forgave him, and should be glad to hear of his Conversion. Another thing likewise laid *Tom*'s Friends under some Apprehensions for him; he was dipped in *Harry*'s Project of entering into a League with Old *Savage* and his Grandson, tending to the Prejudice of Mr. *WRIGHT*'s Interest; and had unluckily written for further Orders therein just at the Time of the Widow's Death; which *Pacquet* falling of course into the Hands of the *TRUSTEES*, they sealed it up, and sent it to Mr. *WRIGHT*.

Poor *Tom* looked plaguy queer upon it at first; but it seems he has had a long Conference with Mr. *WRIGHT* on his arrival at *NICK FROG*'s; which his Friends interpret strangely to his Advantage; not that they think *Tom* will prove very Stanch, but that they love a Fellow of a predominant Spirit. Most People laugh heartily at this, and say, that *Tom*, who is an excellent

cellent Fellow at *Congee* and *Grimace*, took all Opportunities to wriggle himself into Mr. WRIGHT's Acquaintance, and screw'd in at the lower End of the Table to Dinner.

Nick Spitfire, was to have played the same Game at 'Squire SOUTH's, but the 'Squire being a Man of Spirit forbid *Nick* the House, and resolved to receive no Message from the Widow by such Hands; which put *Nick* upon the Splutter for losing so favourable an Opportunity of exerting himself.

Bob Bungey is selling his Equipage again, sensibly afflicted at the Miscarriage of his Business to **Phil. Baboon**. *Bob* breeds excellent Bullocks, and has got Money by it; but was never looked on to be a Fellow of any tollerable Sence.

Matt Spindleshanks, the Tavern-Boy, is in a strange Quandary whether he shall return Home, or stay at Old **Savage's**. 'Tis noted for excellent Air in a Consumption, and 'tis very probable that *Matt*, who is a little infirm, will chuse it for his Health's Sake. Life is sweet, and 'tis very probable that the late Damps that have happened in this Country may be apt to suffocate poor *Matt*, so that his Physicians have advised him, that the other Air is more safe and convenient for him.

Peregrine Scamper, who makes such a mighty Noise of his CONDUCT, is lately return'd from his last *Errand*. He pleads a great deal of Merit, and is angry he was not nam'd one of the TRUSTEES. To say Truth, the Man had had never much Harm in him, but being always thought a little Troublesome at Home, was usually sent out of the Way for Quietness Sake. Most People would believe he had done some Service, if he talk'd less of it, and had shewn less Compliance to some Points which render him a little disagreeable.

Jacob Rusb, the New Agent, is the less concerned at being shut out of the Management of all Affairs at the INN, because it furnishes him with an Opportunity to indulge himself in a voluptuous Life. He was a zealous Promoter of *Harry's* New Scheme, and a great Clofeter of the BUFF-COATS upon that Occasion. *Jacob* has lost his former Reputation, and has the Misfortune of being looked on as a Tool, when perhaps too much Indolence and good Nature only has been his Fault.

Old *Biafs* the Malster, has a greater Inclination than a Spirit to do Mischief: Covetousness, which is in others a Crime, has in him proved a Virtue. He wou'd have gone
greater

greater lengths in Young **Shute's** Favour, but for the excessive dread of losing his Pelf: Besides, he saw no reason why he should Embark on a Level with Fellows of desperate Fortunes. *Biafs* dropt them in several Important Points, and cry'd, *Safe's the Word*: He was willing to come in for something among them, but wou'd not run the Hazard of losing one of his G——s for ne'er a Cause in *Christendom*; so that People say, *Though he is no very honest Man, yet he has proved an excellent B O W L E R.*

I know no one lies more exposed than *Sim* the Scrivener: *Sim's* Principles prevailed over his Gratitude, to shew his good Inclinations to Young **Shute**. 'Tis whispered, that he has already receiv'd his *Quietus*; and no doubt but a Post or two more will confirm it. *Will Bromingham*, notwithstanding his great Pretences, looks with a very formidable dull Air. He wou'd fain be thought to merit his Place, but I hear Mr. **WRIGHT** is of another Opinion.

B O B and *Harry Aucumy* are as far from being Friends as ever: *Bob* has lost his Reputation with both Parties, but *Harry* stands fair with one side at least. In short, *Harry* appears most Guilty, but *Bob* has the more despicable Phiz.

Will Wildfire would be a solitary Fellow too if he was capable of thinking; but that is what he never did in his Life: He is a great Comforter to *Harry* under his Affliction, and talks mightily of his Interest in a certain Family he is allied to by Marriage, that are like to come into Favour; but a Bottle I believe is the more solid consolation of the two.

Arthur Skipkennel has packed up his Moveables and is ready for the Scamper. *Con* — is turned out of the *West Farm* by the TRUSTEES. A Fellow that has done a damn'd deal of Mischief to the Country there. More of this in my next.

Tom Dimple has recovered his former Reputation. *Tom* you must know, was pitched on to carry Instructions to *Jacob Rush*, in relation to stifling the Evidence, mentioned in my last. *Tom*, thought he had been sent to influence the CAUSE; but by a cursed Artifice found, that *Bob* and *Harry* had sealed his Pocket up. *Tom* was chose Steward at the next CLUB, and has shewn himself a very honest Friend of Mr. WRIGHT's.

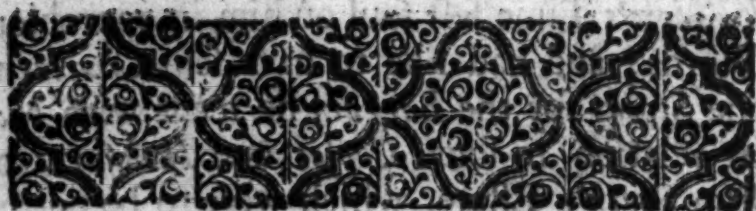
Honest *Charles Barrier* is made Clerk of the Brewhouse in *Harry's Room*, which is highly Satisfactory to all honest Men here; and

and no doubt is an Instance of Mr. WRIGHT's Esteem to *Nick Frog*, and to take off the Odium of his Conduct in concert with *Charles*, when the CLUB at the INN, in the *Widow's* Time fell foul on him in opprobrious Words; and had like to have sent *Charles* to the Stocks for the Bargain he made with *Nick* in relation to some *Copses* and *Inclosures* on *Esq; South's* Estate, which were to be put into *NICK's* Occupation; wherein *Charles*, as they alledged, suffer'd him to infringe on a TURNIP FIELD or two of the *Widow's*

Never was Man so joyfully caressed and entertained as Mr. WRIGHT was at *NICK's* House; both he, and all his *Tenants* were ready to devour him for Joy. And indeed, to say Truth, *NICK* had a great deal of Reason for his Exaltation, for he had been used but a little scurvily in the latter part of the *Widow's* Days. Many of the New Servants hated him in their Hearts; and 'twas feared, that to bring about some other Design, they wou'd not have stuck to persuade the *Widow* into a Law Suit against poor *NICK*. But these Fears are all cured now, and *NICK* begins to speak and act with his usual Spirit again.

I am yours, &c,

Postscript.



POSTSCRIPT.

THE swift Current of Affairs at this Time, will not let me, I find, conclude without a *Postscript*.

Jacob Rusb is dismiss from the Agency, and honest *John Trusty* has got his Place again. *John* met Mr. WRIGHT on the Road, and wishing him Joy on his Accession to the Estate; Mr. WRIGHT answer'd, *That he was satisfied a great deal was owing to him on that Occasion; and he should always very gratefully remember his Services.*

This Day Mr. WRIGHT arrived in Town: Nothing can express the great Joy and Satisfaction of the People: He was met by

by the Heads of the Town, and conducted to the *INN* thro' Crowds of Spectators making loud Acclamations.

I just now learn that *Harry Aucumy* is sent for to be present at the opening of the *COUNTING-HOUSE*; and that he comes with a heavy splenetick Air. The same Hand informs me, that poor *Sim* has receiv'd a very civil Message from Mr. *WRIGHT*, to desire his Absence from the House, to make room for honest *WILL* the *COOPER*. A Man that can *SEE* a little farther into a Milstone than the other. *Sim* takes his misfortune very heavily; and some queer Fellows that used to write Hackney under him, are like to be reduced to the Circumstance of wanting Heels to their Shoes again. These scurvy Dogs had just as much Love for Mr. *WRIGHT* as their Master.

I am likewise credibly informed that *Charles* the *HEAD-OSTLER*, *Ned Top-sail*, and several other of the honest old Servants will have their Places again at the *INN*. The House begins to flourish, and none are to be admitted but what are known to be Men that have always promoted its Interest.

I must now finish, for every moment almost brings me some fresh Particular, and I ne'er
C should

should have done if I waited for any Conclusive Period.

I wish this may come safe to your Hands; for the **Post-Boy** is such a damn'd impudent Rascal, one is hardly **Abel** to express it. The Dog sold Ballads up and down the Town before and now sets up for Writing News Letters. He was a great Lurker about *Harry's Office*, and 'tis thought, has convey'd many a private Packet for him to Young **Shute**. He has been often basted for his scurrilous sawcy Tongue, without any Effect, but 'tis very probable we shall now bring him to the *Whipping-Post*. When *Vill Broomingham* troops off, he will be forbid coming near the **INN**; and we hope then to rid the Town of such a scurrilous Varlet.

Even whilst I am Writing this short Postscript, there is News of other numerous Changes at the **INN**, but I cannot enter into Particulars till my next.

Honest Dan, Sober-sides is popp'd into old **Bias's TWO-ARM'D-CHAIR**, at the **CLUB**. **Jemmy Brisk**, one of the prettiest Fellows in Town, is made **Chief Clerk** in the room of *Vill. Broomingham*.

You may perhaps not give this Article its full Weight, but I can assure you 'tis meant

as a distant Compliment to 'Squire SOUTH,
Jemmy is one he has a particular Esteem for;
 and his Preferment is an Argument that a
 good Understanding is renewed with the
 'Squire. I believe you'll soon see Young
 Shute removed to a little farther Distance
 from the Estate, If I don't conclude now, I
 never shall.

